

EPISTLES

O F

H O R A C E

IMITATED.

11631.g. 33.
1-15

And illustrated with GEMS and MEDALS.

Ep. I. —

The 2.^o is in 11630.c.10
4

By GEORGE OGLE, Esq;

Parcite Personis, dicite de Vitiis.

ANON.

L O N D O N:

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EPISTLES

8

HORACE

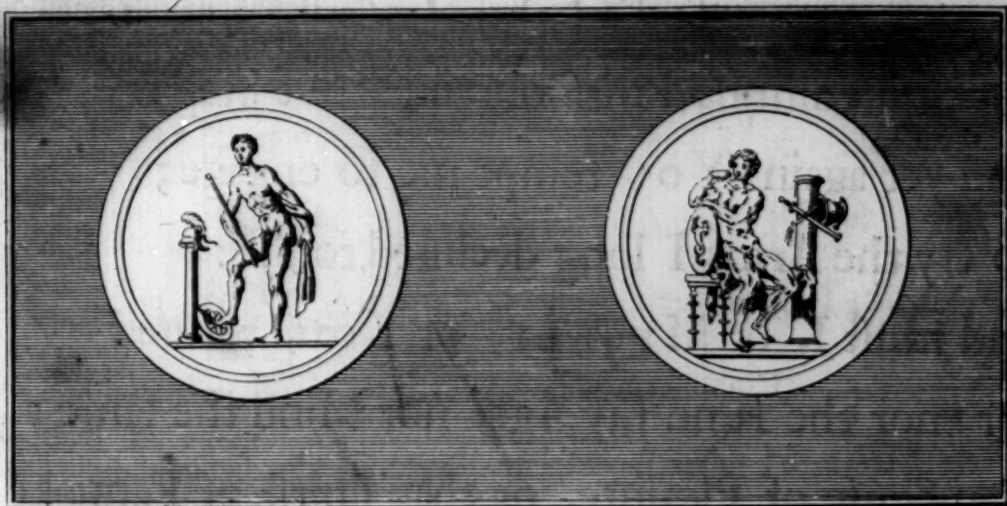
LIMITED

THE BRITISH MUSEUM



NOTE

(The British Museum)



EPISTLE I.
TO WILLIAM USSHER, Esq;



YOU! ' whom I chose, and whom I still ^{EP. I.} _{B. I.}

wou'd chuse,

The first, and latest Subject of my
Muse!

With whom, her Voice began, her Voice wou'd end!

My best Companion, my sincerest Friend!

Enough ² expos'd before to Public Eyes,

With early Pride I sought the vent'rous Prize;

Ad MÆCENATEM. EP. I. LIB. I.

Primâ dicte mihi, summâ dicende Camenâ, ¹

Spectatum satis, ² ———

But

But³ soon dismiss'd forsook the active Stage:
 And yet again⁴ You tempt me to engage;
 To try the Arms I long declined to use:
 And must I, or MYSELF, or YOU, refuse?
 For⁵ nor the same my Age, nor Mind the same;
 That Sense of Pleasure, or that Thirst of Fame!

See FIGG⁶ himself to new Adventurers quit,
 The giving Gallery, and the praising Pit.
 No more in White the *Hockley-Hero* stands,
 And, just in Act to wound, exchanges Hands.
 The Ribbands, wore to set the Crowd a-gaze,
 He now preserves as venerable Bays.
 Critic in This; ⁷ the Battle he attends,
 And on the trophied Post his Arms suspends;

— — — — — *et donatum jam rudè, 3* — — — — —

— — — — — *quæris,*

MÆCENAS, *iterum antiquo me includere ludo. 4*

Non eadem est atas, non mens. 5 — — — — —

— — — — — VEIANIUS, ⁶ — — — — —

— — — — — *armis*

HERCULIS *ad postem fixis, 7* — — — — —

The stunning Staff, his Skill was wont to wield!
 The Dagger! The light Sword! The osier Shield!
 Averse to many a Leg, the broader Blade!
 And all the Weapons of the sanguine Trade!
 With which, of old, *Herculean* Feats he wrought:
 Judge of the Theatre, where once he fought.
 Retired⁸ by-times; lest, weak to keep his Ground,
 Some rising SHERLOCK⁹ drive him round and round;
 Or force from off the Stage in luckless Strife;
 While scarce the friendly Second saves his Life.

And oft this Caution¹⁰ strikes my watchful Ear;
 (Or if some *Tutulary Voice* I hear;
 Or warns APOLLO with peculiar Grace.)
 "Maturely," free the Steed, and spare the Race!
 "What tho', to his Success, or casual Fate,
 "Thy Table owes, whate'er it boasts of Plate?"

— — — — — *latet abditus agro;*⁸

*Ne populum extremâ toties exoret arenâ.*⁹

*Est mihi, purgatam crebrò qui personet aurem;*¹⁰

*"Solve senescentem maturè sanus equum,"*¹¹ —

"Re-

" Reflect! -- The Pleasure ill repaid the Pain;
 " Nor equal, to the Labor, was the Gain.
 " Desist, if wise, ¹² the Trial to repeat!
 " Lest, prest and strain'd, He stumble in the Heat;
 " Or heaving enter the last-distant Horse;
 " The Pity and the Laughter of the Course!

For This, ¹³ my Sports, my Follies! I resign,
 My lighter Songs, or Toys of *Love* and *Wine*;
 The *Decent* ¹⁴ and the *Good* I hold in View;
 Contemplate, what is *Beauteous*, what is *True*;
 And search, and ask, ¹⁵ what *seems*, and what is *Right*;
 And plan, and build, for *Profit* and *Delight*;
 And hoard, ¹⁷ and range, (¹⁶ intent on This alone!.)
 Fit Stores, ¹⁸ for others Use, and for my own.

— — — — — " ne

" Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat. ¹²

Nunc itaque et versus et cætera ludicra pono: ¹³

Quid verum atque decens, ¹⁴ — — —

— — — — — curo et rogo, ¹⁵ — — —

— — — — — et omnis in hoc sum: ¹⁶

Condo et conpono, ¹⁷ — — —

— — — — — quæ mox depromere possim. ¹⁸

Ask

Ask You? ¹⁹ "To what *fam'd* Leader I incline?
 "What, *Statist*, *Casuiſt*, *Moraſiſt*, *Divine*?
 "Swear, by what *Oath*? And to what *Form* ſubſcribe?
 "Friend, of what *Faction*? Sociate, of what *Tribe*?
 "Where, tend my *Tenets*? And whence, riſe my *Rules*?
 "From what *eſtabliſh'd*, what *exploded* Scholes?"
 Not apt ²⁰ on *Faith-implicit* to rely,
 Or ſwallow down the *So*, without the *Why*,
 Free ²² Gueſt to *All*, to no *One* Sect a Slave!
 I give Myſelf ²¹ to ev'ry Wind and Wave.
 With * *PHILOCLE* ²³ I ply the active Oar,
 The golden Mines of *Order* to explore.
 Imbroil'd in Private, ²⁴ or immers'd in State,
 I try what Joys on ſteady ²³ *Conduct* wait.

Ac ne forte roges ; " quo me Duce, quo Lare tuter : " ¹⁹

Nullius addictus jurare in verba Magistri, ²⁰

Quo me cunque rapit tempeſtas, ²¹ ———

————— *deferor hospes.* ²²

Nunc agilis ſio, ²³ ———

————— *et merſor civilibus undis,* ²⁴

* SHAFTESBURY.

When

When most inrag'd the Sea, obscur'd the Sky;
 Fall what may fall! the Tempest I defy.
 The²⁵ rigid Post, the hard Defence I take;
 For *Virtue* I contend, for *Virtue's* Sake.

Then back, ²⁶ by stealth, an adverse Course I drive,
 And join the Labors of the * *Fabled Hive*.
 To reach my Wish, ²⁷ my Fortune I extend;
 Not, to my Fortune, ²⁸ make my Wish descend.
 Of *Self* I doubt; if well or ill defin'd?
 If *Free* and *Sordid* share one common Mind?
 If from one *Seed* both *Love* and *Hatred* came?
 And differ, *Vice* and *Virtue* but in Name?

Long as the Night ²⁹ to the impatient Boy,
 Whom, cheats the lying Maid, of promis'd Joy!

Virtutis verae custos, rigidusque satelles. ²⁵

Nunc in ARISTIPPI furtim praecepta relabor. ²⁶

Et mihi res, ²⁷ —

— — — — — *non me rebus subjungere conor.* ²⁸

Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica; ²⁹ —

— — — — — *diesque*

* MANDEVILLE.

As

As tedious, ³⁰ to the wearied Swain, the Day,
 Who works from Sun to Sun for scanty Pay;
 Slow ³¹ to the Heir, as flows the last odd Year,
 That frees him from his Guardian and his Fear!
 To me, so long, ³² so tedious, and so flow,
 The Hours, the Minutes, and the Moments flow!
 That all my Hopes, ³³ and all my Pleasures stay,
 From fair Pursuits, ³⁴ that suffer by Delay.
 Nor give to fit complete each stated Line,
 And crown with Execution the Design.
 What, ³⁵ soon perform'd, wou'd equal Profit bring,
 To Rich and Poor! to Peasant and to King!

Lenta videtur, opus debentibus; ³⁰ —
 — — — — — *ut piger annus*
Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum: ³¹
Sic mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora, ³² —
 — — — — — *que spem*
Consiliumque morantur, ³³ —
 — — — — — *agendi gnaviter id, ³⁴ —*
 — — — — — *quod*
Æquè pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æquè; ³⁵

B

But

But ³⁶ ill defer'd, in equal Loss engage,
The Young and Old! Both Infancy and Age!

Fail ³⁷ the Attempt; This ³⁸ Solace still remains;
(To aid my Searches and reward my Pains!)

I fought at least to guide unsteady Youth,
And form my Mind on Elements of *Truth*.

Why, ⁴⁰ SCARLET's friendly Glass shou'd I despise;
Because ³⁹ not blest with *your* discerning Eyes?

Why, cease, ⁴² the Nerve that slackens, to prevent;
Because no King ⁴¹ of POLE, or Man of KENT?

Some honest Praise, the vain Attempt may claim;
And 'tis some *Good*, perhaps, at *Good* to aim;

In quest of *Right*, to quit the vulgar Bar:

Not ⁴³ that we went, *no farther*, but *so far*!

Æquè neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit. ³⁶

Restat, ³⁷ — — —

— — — *ut his ego me ipse regam solerque Elementis:* ³⁸

• *Non possis oculo quantum contendere LYNCEUS,* ³⁹

• *Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi;* ⁴⁰

• *Nec, quia desperes inviæli membra GLYCONIS,* ⁴¹

• *Nodosâ corpus nolis prohibere chiragrâ.* ⁴²

• *Est quâdam prodire tenus, sinon datur ultra.* ⁴³

With

With Daily ⁴⁴ Av'rice burns your greedy Breast?
 Destroys base Covetise your Nightly Rest?
 Know! ⁴⁵ there are *Words*, of Force to lay the Smart,
 And cure, if not the Whole, the greater Part.
 With Lust of more than decent ⁴⁶ Praise you swell?
 Know! there are *Charms*, ⁴⁷ the Tumor to repel.
 Unfold the Leaves! no Doctor shall you need;
Three ⁴⁸ Lines suffice; *thrice* purify and read!
 And *thrice* repeat! For *Sages* all agree,
 Great Efficacy lies, much Pow'r, in *Three*.
 To ⁴⁹ Envy, Spleen, Sloth, Passion, you incline?
 To Love of Woman, or to Love of Wine?

Fervet Avaritiâ, miseroque Cupidine pectus? ⁴⁴

Sunt verba et voces, quibus hunc lenire laborem

Possis, et magnum morbi deponere partem. ⁴⁵

Laudis amore tumes? ⁴⁶ —

— — — — — *sunt certa Piacula,* ⁴⁷ —

— — — — — *quæ te*

Ter purè lecto poterunt recreare libello. ⁴⁸

Invidus, Iracundus, Iners, Vinosus, Amator, ⁴⁹

Lives ⁵⁰ not the Man, so savage! so untame'd!
 But may at length be temper'd and reclaim'd;
 The Culture ⁵¹ wou'd he bear; the Council hear;
 And but accommodate a patient Ear.

‘Some *Virtue* ⁵² he acquires, from *Vice* that flies.
 ‘*Folly* to quit, is, the first Step ⁵³ to *Wise*.’

Yet Man, ⁵⁴ you see, still lab'ring! wandering still!
 Misguided in his Choice of *Good* and *Ill*.

A small Estate, ⁵⁵ he holds no small Disgrace;
 Vile, the Repulse of some long-promis'd Place;
 What spares he, That to raise, or This to gain?
 What Toil of Body, ⁵⁶ or what Rack of Brain?

Nemo adeò ferus est ut non mitescere possit: 50

Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem. 51

‘*Virtus est vitium fugere, 52* —

— — — — — ‘*et sapientia prima*

‘*Stultitiâ caruisse.*’ ⁵³ —

— — — — — *Vides, quæ maxima credis*

Esse mala, 54 —

— — — — — *exiguum censum turpemque repulsam 55*

Quanto devites animi capitisque labore? 56

To distant Realms, to Worlds ⁵⁷ revers'd, he runs;
 And other Spheres defies, and other Suns.
 Dares ⁵⁸ Winds and Rocks; The Lightnings and the
 To fly from *Poverty*, he flies from *Ease*. (Seas:
 Yet *Ease* he seeks. Ah! Fool, so far to rome!
 And toil *abroad* for what you leave at *home*!
 Nor once inquire! ⁵⁹ What, *Wisdom* wou'd advise:
 That, all your Wisheſ, all your Wants ſupplies;
 That, knows ⁶⁰ to turn from *Ill* your vain Deſire;
 And give that *Good* you *ſtupidly* admire:
 Or cou'd, thy Reason ſeparate and diſcern!
 Or Temper ⁶¹ condeſcend to hear and learn!
⁶² What Actreſs, bleſt with OLDFIELD'S Voice and Air,
 Wou'd ply at *Goodmans-Fields*, or *Suburb-Fair*:

Impiger extremos curris mercator ad INDOS, ⁵⁷

Per mare Pauperiem fugiens, per saxa, per ignes: ⁵⁸

Ne cures ea, ⁵⁹ —

— — — *quæ ſtultè miraris et optas,* ⁶⁰

Discere et audire, et meliori credere non vis? ⁶¹

Quis circum pagos, et circum compita pugnaſ, ⁶²

Here

Here sport the *Modish*, the *Repentant* feign,
 And ⁶³ *Covent-Garden* fly, and *Drury-Lane*?
 Tho' form'd, to take the Eye, and touch the Heart,
 With ev'ry Gift of Nature, and of Art,
 Meanly, to top a vulgar Stage, aspire,
 Of *Wapping* Triumph, proud, and *Wapping* Hire?
 Nor once, ⁶⁴ her Hopes, and Pow'rs of Pleasing, raise,
 A bold ⁶⁵ but safe Attempt! to fairer Praise?
 To gain the Critic and the Polish'd Rows;
 And the *FIRST FAVOURITE rival and depose?
 One, doubly turn'd, to charm the Fair she scholed!
 And kill with Mirth, the very Fops, she fool'd!
 Old is the Precept, (nor less true than old),
 'To Gold ⁶⁶ as Silver, *Virtue* yields to *Gold*.'

Magna coronari contemnat OLYMPIA, ⁶³ —

— — — — — *cui spes*

Cui sit conditio dulcis ⁶⁴ —

— — — — — *sine pulvere Palmae?* ⁶⁵

'*Vilius argentum est auro, virtutibus aurum!*' ⁶⁶

* BRACEGIRDLE.

Not

Not this the Practice; *Gold* must ⁶⁷ first be sought;
Plain ⁶⁸ *Virtue* merits but the second Thought.

O *London!* *London!* one is thy Report,
Thy Quest of *Gold*, thro' *City* and thro' *Court*;
In ev'ry Voice we hear, or Face we meet:
Thy ⁶⁹ *Lombardy* is one continu'd Street.

Gold, is thy private, *Gold*, thy public Care;
Down, to *White-chapel*; up, to *Grovesnor-Square*.

Thy Deity is *Gold*, to save Thee born:
And, if Thou pray, thy Pray'r ⁷¹ at Night and Morn.

For *Gold* solicitous, ⁷² *Old-age* appears;
Nor wastes that Passion with the waste of Years.

The Charms of *Gold* the *Middle-station* knows;
The Lusts of Appetite submit to Those.

" O cives, cives, quærenda pecunia primum est, ⁶⁷

" Virtus post nummos : " ⁶⁸ —

— — — — Hæc JANUS summus ab imo
Prodocet ; ⁶⁹ —

— — — — hæc recinunt juvenes ⁷⁰ —

— — — — dictata ⁷¹ —

Gold plots the ⁷⁰ *Infant-Lawyer* as he stands,
 And Bags, ⁷³ not Satchels, load his Arms and Hands.
 What, without *Gold*, is Beauty, or is Youth?
 Genius or Merit? ⁷⁷ Eloquence or Truth?
 Just twice ⁷⁸ three Fifties, rais'd from solid Lands,
 A Burgeſs raiſe; as * *ANNA*'s Law commands.
 Of One or Half, the *DUE-ELECTED*, rob,
 (Unless he ſwear and forge) the ⁷⁹ *Squire* is Mob.
 Suppose the Cheat, not practis'd, or not ſeen;
 "Still with the Rich, the Senator is mean."
 Advance his Rents, to *Four* neat *Hundred Pounds*;
 "Not yet he paſſes the *Plebeian* Bounds."

— — — — — *ſeneſque* ⁷²

Lævo ſuſpenſi loculos tabulamque lacerto. ⁷³

Eſt animus tibi, ⁷⁴ —

— — — *ſunt mores,* ⁷⁵ —

— — — — — *eſt lingua,* ⁷⁶ —

— — — — — *fideſque;* ⁷⁷

* *Sed quadringentis, ſex, ſeptem millia deſint,* ⁷⁸

Plebs eris. ⁷⁹ —

* *Rofcia lex.*

Allow

King of Yourself! The Best, is First in Pow'r!
 Be This, ⁸² your Wall of Steel! your Brazen Tow'r!
 ' One constant Course of *Virtue* to pursue,
 ' Be true to Others, to Yourself be true.
 ' Act Nothing that you need desire to hide!
 ' Not ⁸³ on your own safe Privacy confide.
 ' So conscious shalt Thou mourn no covert Sin;
 ' Nor pale ⁸⁴ without for Crimes that blush within.

Now say? Which ⁸⁵ best instructs, the *World* or
 The *Manly* Judgement, or the *Childish* Rule? (*Schole*?
This? ⁸⁶ that erects a Kingdom in a Theme;
 And ⁸⁷ sagely makes the *Virtuous* the *Supreme*?
 (Truths! fought ⁸⁸ by MORE, by SIDNEY understood;
 Pursu'd from Youth, brave Souls, and sign'd in Blood!)

— — — — — "Hic murus æneus esto; ⁸²

' Nil confire sibi, ⁸³ — — —

— — — — — 'nullâ pallescere culpâ.' ⁸⁴

ROSCIA, dic fides, melior Lex, ⁸⁵ — — —

— — — — — an puerorum

Nenia, ⁸⁶ — — —

— — — — — quæ regnum rectè facientibus offert, ⁸⁷

Et maribus CURIIS, et decantata CAMILLIS? ⁸⁸

Or

Or *That*? ⁸⁹ Which charms you with the gilded Bait;
 And softly whispers; “ Study an Estate!
 “ By honest ⁹⁰ Ways, a House, a Title raise!
 “ If possible; if not, by any Ways?
 And *Vice* or *Virtue*, which the nobler Guide?
 Or *She*, that sooths thy Folly, or thy Pride?
 That bids Thee, Peer’d ⁹¹ or Ribban’d, tread the Round,
 Of Prince new-married, or of King new-crown’d?
 Or *She*? ⁹⁴ Whose Hope and Care thy Soul attend;
 Still present; to exhort, confirm, defend?
 That, to proud Fortune ⁹² prompts the just Replies?
 “ Know ⁹³ I am free! “ Your Insolence despise! ”

Isne tibi melius suadet, qui, rem facias; ⁸⁹ —

— — — — — *rem*

Si possis rectè; si non, quocumque modo, rem; ⁹⁰

Ut propius spectes lacrymosa Poemata Pupì: ⁹¹

An qui, Fortunæ te respondere superbæ ⁹²

Liberum et erectum, ⁹³ —

— — — — — *præsens hortatur et aptat?* ⁹⁴

Demands ⁹⁵ the Croud; (the Little, or the Great!)
 "Whence, hate I ⁹⁹ what they love? love, what they hate?
 "Whence, as ⁹⁶ with them, one common Walk I share?
 "Whence, as I breathe with Them one common Air?
 "One common ⁹⁷ Sense of Things I will not use?
 "Prize, ⁹⁸ as They prize? refuse, as They refuse?"
 I give ¹⁰⁰ the Answer cautious *Renard* gave;
 (Call'd by the sick'ning Lion to his Cave)
 "Because, ¹⁰¹ deters me, each ill-omen'd Track,
 "All turning forward, none returning back.

Quod si me populus Romanus fortè roget, 95 —

— — — — — cur

Non, ut porticibus, 96 —

— — — — — sic judiciis fruar isdem, 97

Nec sequar aut fugiam, 98 —

— — — — — quos diligit ipse vel odit : 99

Olim quod Vulpes agroto cauta leoni

Respondit, referam ; 100 —

— — — — — " Quia me vestigia terrent

" Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum." 101

O! vilest

O! vilest *City* ¹⁰² of the fairest *Isle*!
 Thy *Flood* is more prolific than the *Nile*;
 Forms more mishapen on thy Banks she spreads;
 Thyself the *Monster* with the *many Heads*.
 Descant not Thou of B A B Y L O N or R O M E!
 Thee ¹⁰³ shou'd I imitate? in What? in Whom?
Some ¹⁰⁴ for their Country lay the bolder Train;
 And build, on Public Ruin, Private Gain.
Some by ¹⁰⁸ Extortion, blind to Right or Wrong!
 Raise Ore; that gathers as it rolls along.
Some for ¹⁰⁵ weak Widows weave the pious Snares;
 And teach religiously to cheat their Heirs.
 With trifling Gifts, ¹⁰⁶ rich Neighbours, *Some* beset;
 And sily tickle till they take the Net.

Bellua multorum es capitum, ¹⁰² —

— — — — — *nam quid sequar, aut quem?* ¹⁰³

Pars hominum gestit conducere Publica: ¹⁰⁴ —

— — — — — *sunt qui*

Crustis et pomis —

— — — — — *viduas venentur avaras,* ¹⁰⁵

Excipiantque senes, ¹⁰⁶ —

Whole

Whole Shoals are caught, unable to withstand
 The luring Splendor of the baited Hand;
 And strait, ¹⁰⁷ in proper Ponds securely stor'd,
 Are fed with Care; but fed, to serve the Board.

“Well, ¹⁰⁹ various is the World; a World of Bruits!
 “As many Men, ¹¹⁰ so many their Pursuits!”
 Not This, ¹¹¹ the Whole at which our Precepts aim;
 Is any Man, for any Time, the same?
 “With *Thames* ¹¹² (declares the Rich) no River vies!
 “What Streams so flow? What Banks so sweetly rise?”

— — — quos in vivaria mittant: ¹⁰⁷

Multis occulto crescit res fenore. ¹⁰⁸ —

— — — — — “Verum

“Esto, ¹⁰⁹ —

— — — — — “aliis alios rebus, —

— — — — — “studiisque teneri:” ¹¹⁰

Iidem eadem possunt —

— — — — — horam durare probantes? ¹¹¹

“Nullus in orbe sinus —

— — — — — BAIIS prælucet amenis!”

Si dixit Dives; ¹¹² —

Think

Think not, in vain escap'd the hasty Word;
Thames ¹¹³ feels the Passion of her settling Lord.
 New Marks of Favor load her swelling Tides,
 New Monuments of Love adorn her Sides.

“But rests he here?” Where rests, the Pride of Wealth?
 The Vice ¹¹⁴ of Change? The Wantoness ¹¹⁵ of Health?
 Scarce ¹¹⁷ stor'd, the Cellar; scarce inrob'd, the Wall;
 A Call is ¹¹⁶ heard: (From Heav'n descends the Call)
 ‘The *Rich* should *live*! The *Wretched* may *retreat*!
 ‘A *Box* befits the *Cit*! The *Peer*, a *Seat*!’
 Thus warn'd; or East or West he hurries down;
 No matter where; ¹¹⁹ if forty Miles from Town.

— — — — *lacus et mare* — —
 — — — — *sentit amorem*
Festinantis Heri: ¹¹³ — —
 — — — — *cui si vitiosa* ¹¹⁴ — —
 — — — — *Libido* ¹¹⁵ — —
Fecerit auspiciu; ¹¹⁶ — —
 — — — — *cras* ¹¹⁷ — —

Obey

Obey his ¹²⁰ Orders strait, ye Men of Skill!
 Let ev'ry Art and Science wait his Will!
 Pity! so good a Friend shou'd part alone!
 Indulge his Fortune, and improve your own!
 But gard to shift you, as his Taste inclines,
 And now for Paint, and now for Plaster pines!
 Spread, some, your Plans! ¹¹⁸ and some your Tools re-
 Begin! and give him Air! and give him Room! (sume!
 There, *Bridgeman*, shape the Wood, the Water foam!
 There, *Kempe*, extend the Wing! and raise the Dome!
 Drest is the ¹²¹ Bed in all it's Nuptial White?
 The Bridegroom, you wou'd swear, forgot the Night.
 Such Tropes ¹²² his anti-marrying Tongue imploys!
 So keen his ¹²³ Satir on the Curtain-Noise!

— — — — — *ferramenta* ¹¹⁸ — — —

— — — — — *Teanum* ¹¹⁹

Tolletis, fabri. ¹²⁰

— — — — — *Lectus genialis in aulâ est?* ¹²¹

Nil ait esse prius, ¹²² — — —

— — — — — *melius nil calibe vitâ :* ¹²³

If yet unfix'd; ¹²⁴ his Freedom is his Bane;
And Wedlock seems a light and filken Chain.

“How false ¹²⁵ the Joys of Those that wildly rove?”

“O! the chaste Raptures of a virtuous Love!”

A Thing that varies thus in Form and Kind,
What Eye, ¹²⁶ so quick to take? What Hand, to bind?
Such Pow'r of Change, ¹²⁷ to PROTEUS was unknown;
A Bird or Beast, at-will, a Stock or Stone.
No *sworn Attorney* shews such shifting Shapes;
When, touch'd in *Law*, in *Equity* he 'scapes.

“But these are Vices of the *Rich* and *Great*,
“Cloy'd with Excess of *Opulence* and *State*.
“The *Poor*? --- ¹²⁸ How acts he in the *lower* Scene?”
The *Poor*? ¹²⁹ Here burst with Laughter, not with
(Spleen.

Si non est; ¹²⁴ ———

——— *jurat bene solis esse maritis.* ¹²⁵

Quo teneam ¹²⁶ ———

——— *vultus mutantem* PROTEA nodo? ¹²⁷

“*Quid pauper?*” ¹²⁸ ———

——— *Ride*: ¹²⁹ ———

D

He

He too his Round ¹³⁰ of *fancied Ills* can tread ;
 Can shift ¹³¹ his Garret, Table, Cellar, Bed ;
 Discard the ¹³³ Tonfor of his Beard or Hair ;
 Forsake his ¹³² Weekly Walk, and Sabbath Air ;
 His Counter ¹³⁵ nauseate ; lothe his wonted Stand ;
 Prefer the Trade of Foot, to Trade of Hand ;
 Fret at the Beast, by meer Mis-usage tir'd ;
 And curse the ¹³⁴ lab'ring Scull, for Pleasure hir'd ;
 Restless, ¹³⁶ as One, whose Coach tears up the Streets ;
 Or One, ¹³⁷ whose Flag commands the *British* Fleets.

——— ——— ——— ——— ——— *mutat* ¹³⁰ ———
 ——— ——— ——— ——— ——— *cænacula,* ———
 ——— ——— ——— ——— ——— *lectos,* ¹³¹
Balnea, ¹³² ———
 ——— *tonsores ;* ¹³³ ———
 ——— ——— ——— *conducto navigio* ¹³⁴ ———
 ——— ——— ——— ——— ——— *aque*
Nauseat ¹³⁵ ———
 ——— *ac locuples,* ¹³⁶ ———
 ——— ——— ——— *ducit quem priva triremis.* ¹³⁷

Oft,

Oft, when you ¹⁴⁰ rouse me from my Studious-Chair,
 I see you smile jocosely, ¹⁴¹ or serious stare.
 Your Chariot waits to take me to his *Grace* -----
 My Linnen, ¹⁴² clean ; but all-besnuff'd my Face !
 Well-know'd, ¹³⁹ my Wig ; but ready to untie !
 My Stockings, ¹⁴³ fine ; but both the Seams awry !
 Drest, ¹³⁸ and not drest ! half Sloven, and half Beau ! ---
 “ What ? won't you wash and brush before you go ?
 “ Your Cloaths, ¹⁴⁴ by BETHEL's Care, are well design'd ;
 “ But let him ¹⁴⁵ smoothe the Flaps, that gape behind.
 “ The *dis-agreeing Figure* hurts your Eyes ;
 “ All *Beauty* from *Proportion* takes it's Rise.”

Si curatus inæquali ¹³⁸ —

— — — — *tonfore capillos* ¹³⁹

Occurro, ¹⁴⁰ —

— — *rides* : ¹⁴¹ —

— — — — *si fortè subucula*, ¹⁴² —

— — — — — *pexæ*

Trita subest ¹⁴³ —

— — — — *tunica*, ¹⁴⁴ —

— — — — *vel si toga dissidet impar*, ¹⁴⁵

Rides. —

Yet when my *Reason*, ¹⁴⁷ with herself, at Strife,
Confounds ¹⁵¹ all *Order* and all *Rule* of Life;
 Approves no Object long, or dis-approves;
 Unfix'd, ¹⁴⁸ in what she hates, or what she loves;
 Paining and pain'd; mis-leading and mis-led;
 Flies, what she follow'd; follows, what she fled;
 Varies her Change; ¹⁴⁹ re-seeks, and re-forfakes;
 A Sea ¹⁵⁰ of Contradictions and Mistakes!
 Erases, ¹⁵² builds; turns Hill, to Level-Ground;
 Cuts Long, to Short; ¹⁵³ and ovals Square, to Round:
 What judge ¹⁴⁶ you then? "You ¹⁵⁴ judge me seiz'd with
 "But *Madness* is ¹⁵⁵ the *Fashion* of the *Age*." (*Rage*;

— *Quid?* ¹⁴⁶ —

— — — *mea cum pugnat sententia secum;* ¹⁴⁷

Quod petiit, spernit; ¹⁴⁸ —

— — — — *repetit, quod nuper omisit:* ¹⁴⁹

Æstuat, ¹⁵⁰ —

— — — *ac vitæ disconvenit ordine toto;* ¹⁵¹

Diruit, ædificat; ¹⁵² —

— — — — *mutat quadrata rotundis?* ¹⁵³

Nor

Nor smile! ¹⁵⁶ nor stare! to see my *Mind* express,
 As much, or more *Confusion* than my *Dress*!
 Nor HOLLINGS ¹⁵⁷ see, my Phrenzy to abate!
 Nor move the ¹⁵⁹ Court, to manage my Estate!
 Nor warn my Heir, ¹⁵⁸ to enter in his Claim!
 You hold me *Wrong*; but all Men are the same.
 You! on ¹⁶⁰ whose candid Censure I depend!
 Is this the kind Inspection of a Friend?
 Dress, I admit an Art, a Science name;
 An honest Cheat; a decorating Frame;
 What, to Myself, and to the World, is due;
 A Debt, to your Acquaintance, and to You:

Insanire putas ¹⁵⁴ —

— — *Solennia me,* ¹⁵⁵ —

— — — — *neque rides,* ¹⁵⁶

Nec medici credis, ¹⁵⁷ —

— — — — *nec curatoris egere* ¹⁵⁸

A pratore dati? ¹⁵⁹ —

— — — — *Rerum tutela mearum* ¹⁶⁰

I own

I own the just Reproof. But why dispense
 With worse Neglects of *Intellect* or *Sense*?
 Yet ¹⁶³ not endure, tho' deckt with Cambric Bands,
 Not tho' enrich'd with Lace, ¹⁶² the Inky Hands?
 Not in the Man, that present or apart,
 Is ¹⁶¹ next, or wishes to be next, your Heart?
 That, ¹⁶⁴ by your Intimacy blest and grac'd,
 Courts ¹⁶⁵ and esteems your Converse and your Taste?
 Why owes he all Correction to your Sight?
 Why, set his *Body* in a fairer Light?
 Yet to his *Reason* not restore the Day?
 And give his *Soul* to share the Heav'nly Ray?

Cum sis, ¹⁶¹ —

— — *et pravè sectum* ¹⁶² —

— — — — *stomacheris ob unguem.* ¹⁶³

De te pendentis, ¹⁶⁴ —

— — — — *te suspicientis* ¹⁶⁵ —

— — — — — *amici.*

To

To close ¹⁶⁶ the Scheme I labor to support;
 (Nor long to grieve the Fair, or spoil the Court)
 What'er our State, Necessity or Wealth;
 Retir'd or Rais'd; Infirmary or Health;
 In *virtuous Order* true *Perfection* lies:
 Inferior ¹⁶⁷ but to G O D, is *Good* and *Wise*!
Felicity, from this pure Fountain, springs!
 Hence! *Man*, ¹⁷⁰ is *Lord* of *Lords*, and *King* ¹⁷² of *Kings*!
Participates, of Heav'n, if not *Possess*!
 Is only ¹⁷¹ *Beauteous*, and is only *Blest*!
 Is ¹⁶⁸ *Rich* and ¹⁶⁹ *Free*, tho' *Plunder'd* and *Confin'd*!
 Is *Sound* ¹⁷³ of *Body*, and is *Sound* of *Mind*!-----

Ad summam, ¹⁶⁶ —

— — *sapiens uno minor est* J O V E, ¹⁶⁷ —

— — — — — *dives*, ¹⁶⁸

Liber, ¹⁶⁹ —

— — *honoratus*, ¹⁷⁰ —

— — — — *pulcher*, ¹⁷¹ —

— — — — *rex denique regum*; ¹⁷²

Præcipue sanus, ¹⁷³ —

— — — — *nisi cum pituita molesta est*. ¹⁷⁴

“But

" But hold (you cry) ¹⁷⁴ *not Sound*, when rack'd with
 " (If yet an *English* Feeling he retain!) (Pain,
 " Or when molested with the *Nervous-Ill*,
 " He gulps *Crude-Silver*, or the *Wardian Pill*.

F I N I S.

